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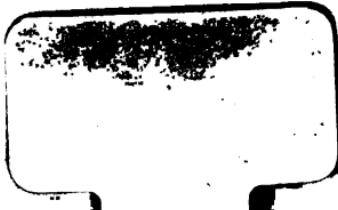
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HARRY'S
Book
of
Poetry.



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LITTLE HARRY'S
BOOK OF POETRY
SHORT POEMS FOR THE NURSERY

By ELIZA GROVE.

*With Seventy-seven Engravings on Wood,
CHIEFLY FROM DRAWINGS BY KEELEY HASWELL.*



LONDON:
DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.

1854.

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LITTLE HARRY'S BOOK OF POETRY.

LITTLE
HARRY'S BOOK OF POETRY.



TO MY LITTLE DOG MINNY.

NOW, little Puppy, do not fret,
I've never turn'd you over yet;

B

“ It is not cold, it is not late,
And we are near the garden-gate—
So it is really nonsense, dear,
For you to show a sign of fear.

“ Oh, I should think you feel great pride
In being able thus to ride,—
To see me drive and hear me talk,—
While other little dogs must walk !

“ And now, my dear, your little master
Would like to go a little faster ;
And don’t you think it would be fun
Over the grating just to run ?
For that would make your carriage sound
Louder than on the level ground.

“ But do not cry so, Minny.—Hark !
Hush ! hush ! you’ve made your mother
bark ;

And as she seems to share your fear,
You shall alight at once, my dear."



THE GREEDY PIG THAT ATE TOO FAST.



OH, Piggy, what was in
your trough,

That thus you raise your head and cough ?

Was it a rough, a crooked bone,
That Cooky in the pail had thrown ?
Speak, Piggy, speak ! and tell me plain
What 'tis that seems to cause you pain.”

“ Oh, thank you, sir ! I will speak out,
As soon as I can clear my throat.
This morning, when I left my sty,
So eager for my food was I,
That I began my rich repast—
I blush to own it—rather fast ;

And, what with haste, sir, and ill-luck,
A something in my poor throat stuck,
Which I discover'd very soon
To be a silver table-spoon.
This, sir, is all—no other tale
Have I against the kitchen-pail."

"I hope it is ; but I must own
I'm sorry for my table-spoon ;
And scarcely can I overlook
The carelessness of Mistress Cook—

But, Piggy, profit by your pain,
And do not eat so fast again."



A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER PUPPIES.



OW, Puppies, be quiet, and
listen, I pray,

To the serious things I am going to say.

I love you, I'm sure, as a fond mother
should,

In wishing to see you all happy and good;
But sad tales are told me (and true ones,
I fear,)

Which shock and alarm your poor mother
to hear.

“ The Housemaid has told me to-day she is
certain

’Twas you, Frisk, that pull’d all the fringe
from the curtain !

She said it would take her much time to
repair it,
And threaten'd sad things if again you
should tear it.

“She left me,—and then cam^{own} Cook
very soon,
To tell me that Turpin had stolen a spoon;
She just left the spoon in your plate of
minced veal,
And thought you too grateful and honest
to steal.

“ And now, little May-dew! get up, Miss,
this minute,

There's more mischief done, and you have
been in it.

Mrs. Deborah told me you join'd the
shoe kitten

tearing and spoiling her beautiful
mitten;

And says you must alter, or else separa-
tion

Will be the result of repeated vexa-
tion.

“And now, my dear Puppies, be cautious,
I pray,
Use decorum in frolic, and reason in play ;
And spare your poor mother the pain and
disgrace
Of seeing you banish'd her own native
place.”





THERE WAS A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE.

HERE was a little hobby-horse,
Whose name I do not know,—
An idle little hobby-horse,
That said he wouldn't go.

But his master said, " If it be so
That you will only play,
You idle rogue, you shall not eat
My nice sweet clover-hay!"

Then Hobby shook his saucy head,
And said, " If that's the case,
Rather than go without my hay,
I'll try and mend my pace."





PLEASANT PASTURES.

PLEASANT PASTURES.

OH, Calfy, it is nice to lead
This pleasant life of ours—
To roam at will the dewy mead,
Or rest among the flowers.

“ And when the sun is very hot,
The open meadow leaving,
We're free to seek a shady spot,
Where broad green boughs are waving.

“ Oh, Calfy dear, be very good,
And let us love our master,
Who gives us such delicious food
In such a pleasant pasture.”





TO A LITTLE FRISKING FOAL.

LITTLE Foal, you are neighing—what
is it you say?

You fear your dear mother is going away?
Your alarm, dear, is needless; your mother, I think,
Is but going to get some nice water to drink.

“ You know where the pond is—a sweet shady spot—
Round which very often your little legs trot;

And sometimes right into the pond, sir,

you dash,

And on your poor mother the cold water

splash.

“ Oh, rude little Foaly ! how can you

do so,

When your mother is always so gentle, you

know ?

You really must mind that her patience
don't fail,
And you get a whisk from her pretty long
tail!"





BA! BA! PRETTY SHEEP!

B

BA! ba! pretty sheep!

Summer-time is nearing;

John must come and wash your wool,

Ready for the shearing.

“ I will stand beside the pond
With your little daughter,
While you, dear sheep, enjoy the treat
Of swimming in the water.”





THE MISCHIEVOUS KITTENS.

LITTLE Kittens, be quiet—be quiet,
I say!

You see I am not in the humour for play.

I've watch'd a long time ev'ry crack in
the house,
Without being able to catch you a
mouse.

“ Now, Muff, I desire you will let my
foot go ;
And, Prinny, how can you keep jumping,
miss, so ?

“ Little Tiny, get up, and stand on your
feet,

And be, if you can, a little discreet !

Am I to be worried and harass'd by you,
Till I really don't know what to think
or to do ?

“ But hush ! hush ! this minute ! now don't
mew and cry—

My anger is cooling, and soon will
pass by.

“ So kiss me, and come and sit down on
the mat,
And make your dear mother a nice happy
cat !”





THE DANCING LESSON.

NOW, Miss Clara, point your toe—
Look at me, and point it so.
You know, my dear, I learnt to dance
In that graceful country, France ;

And having been so nicely taught,
I move, of course, as a lady ought.
And only think how grand 'twill be
To have it said you dance like me.
So now, Miss Clara, point your toe—
Look at me, and point it so."



THE SPECKLED HEN.

MY dear," said Mrs. Tunbridge
To Mr. T. one day,
"I'm much afraid my speckled hen
Has laid her eggs away.

“ ‘Tis now some time since I have seen
My pretty hen about ;
I think, perhaps, she sits away—
Do try and find her out.”

“ My dear,” said Mr. Tunbridge,
“ I can set your mind at rest ;
For if you’ll only follow me,
I’ll take you to her nest.”

Then away went Mr. Tunbridge,
And away went Mrs. T.,
And very pleased indeed she was
Her pretty hen to see.

She took her gently from the nest,
And, fancy her delight,
When, peeping underneath—a brood
Of chickens met her sight !

Such pretty little creatures !

She took them one by one,

And placed them with their mother,

To enjoy the morning sun.

She gave the hen some barley,

And the little ones some rice,

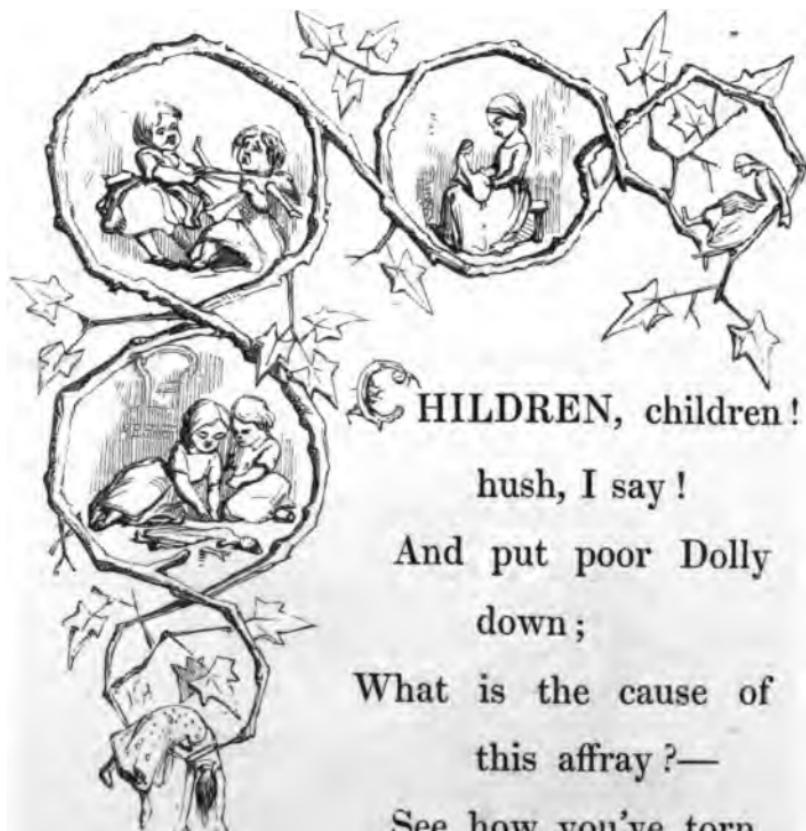
With a pan of fresh spring water,

So cool, and clear, and nice.

And so much she praised her husband
For finding her lost hen,
That Mr. T. declared that he
Was the happiest of men !



THE TORN DOLLY.



CHILDREN, children !
hush, I say !

And put poor Dolly
down ;

What is the cause of
this affray ?—

See how you've torn
her gown !

This sight to see, this noise to hear,
Is really more than I can bear.

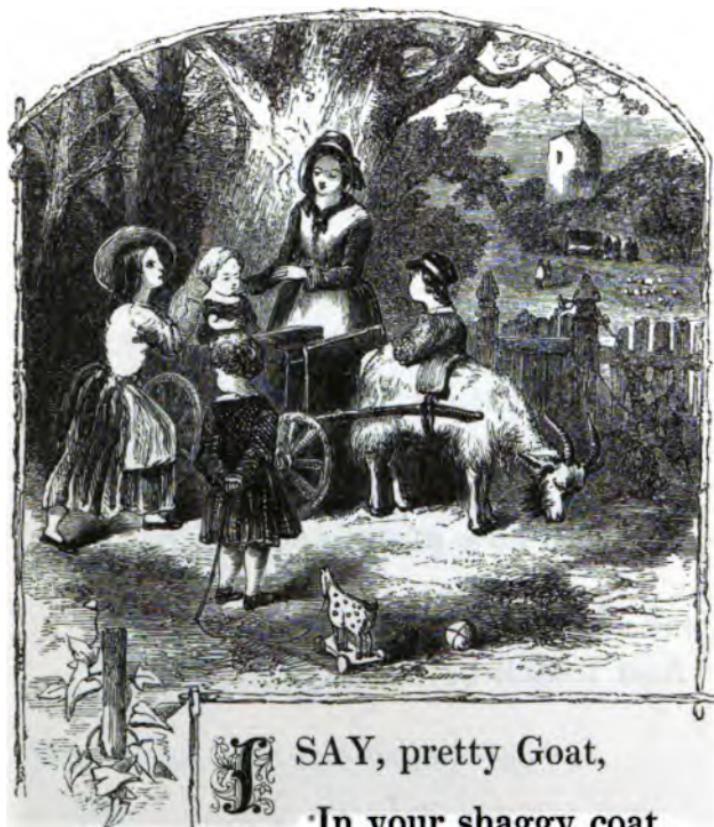
“ Where is the pretty flaxen hair,
That look'd so smooth and neat?—
Torn from her head, I do declare,
And scatter'd at your feet!

This sight my heart with anguish wrings—
It does, you naughty little things!

“ A doll's a very pretty toy
For gentle little girls,

Who would not wilfully destroy
Its pretty dress and curls ;
And surely there can be no joy
In spoiling such a pretty toy."

TO MY PRETTY GOAT.

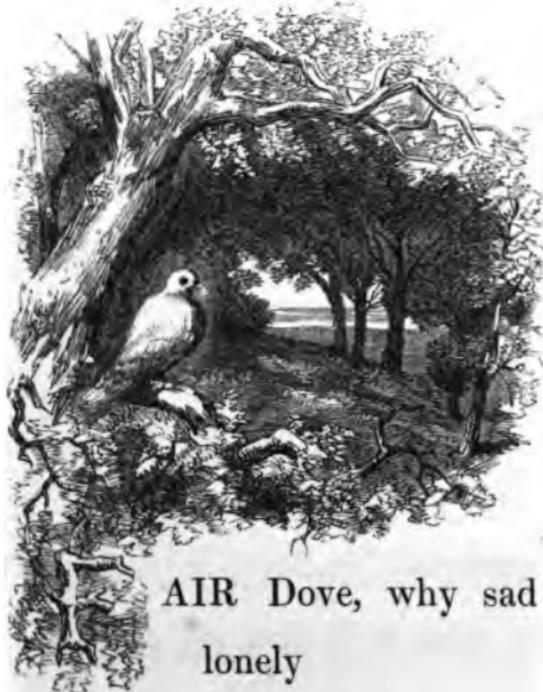


J SAY, pretty Goat,
In your shaggy coat,
If I your beauty praise,

Will you have your harness buckled on,
And be fasten'd to my little chaise?

I'll wear my best hat,—
What think you of that?
And my nice new winter coat;
Oh, how proud you will be
Of smart little me!
And I shall be proud of my Goat.

THE FORLORN DOVE.



AIR Dove, why sad and
lonely

Dost thou pass the sunny day?
Thy mate's not lost, but only
Through the greenwood takes his way.

“ When evening-time shall come again
The rover will return,
And seek once more his leafy home ;
Then, fond one, cease to mourn.”

“ Woodman, his flight is over !
No more he'll seek my side—
He never was a rover,
Since I became his bride.

“An idle son of pleasure
Too fatal aim did take,—
He robb'd me of my treasure,
And left my heart to break !

“Oh, when you meet him straying
With his weapon on his arm,
Ask him, in wanton slaying
If there be aught to charm ?

“ And should he praise his winged dart
For deeds of valour done,
Tell him it pierced one faithful heart,
And made another mourn !”





COUSIN KITTY GRAY.

OH ! look at my lovely cousin !
Listen to what she sings,
And see how her magical fingers
Glide over the silver strings !

When I'm a little older,
I'll learn to sing and play,
With my head hanging over my shoulder,
Like Cousin Kitty Gray.



THE ELEPHANT RIDE.

TO ride on your back I really want,
You dear old steady Elephant ;
You tread so firmly on the ground,
Not with a dangerous skittish bound,

That really 'twould be quite a treat
On your broad back to take a seat.
You need not fear about my weight,
Indeed, it is not *very* great ;
At all events, it will not strain
Your nice strong back, and cause it pain.
So stoop a little, if you please,
That I may mount with greater ease.





THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

OH, sing me one of these
little songs,
Sing to me, sister dear ;
And mingle the sound of your
pretty guitar
With your voice so soft and
clear.



Oh, here is the one I love so well,
A song for the glad new year,
With its merry “ding-dong, ding-dong,
ding-dong.”
Sing it, my sister dear.

The glad new year ! the glad new year !
A welcome unto thee !
Thou comest to light, with a smile so
bright,
That we greet thee merrily !

We greet thee heartily, glad new year !

With a welcome loud and long,

While the bells ring out from the ivy
tower —

A merry ding-dong, ding-dong !

A merry ding-dong, ding-dong !

The crimson-berried holly-bough

Decks window, door, and wall ;

And the laughter-making mistletoe

Is hanging in the hall.

Hope, too, is here, to gladden and cheer,
And to herald thy future in song,
While the bells gaily ring to welcome thee in,
With a merry ding-dong, ding-dong,
With a merry ding-dong, ding-dong !





THE BEAUTIFUL SHEEP.

OH, look at those sheep, with their
fleeces so white!

So curly and soft — what a beautiful
sight !

A sunshiny sky so bright overhead,
Beneath them a beautiful soft grassy
bed ;

With hillocks to sport on, and broad shady
trees,
'Neath which they may lie and repose at
their ease.

To rest or to ramble all day they are
free,—

Oh, how happy the beautiful creatures
must be !





THE GALLANT DAPPLE.

RIDE on, Mr. Bridge, enjoying the
speed
Of your beautiful Dapple, your favourite
steed;

The rail he is crossing to him is but

play,

For he looks for a leap now and then on

his way.

Just slacken the rein on his beautiful

neck,

And a fence is no hindrance, a brook is no

check.

“Across the broad meadows, with fairy-

like bound,

Leaving scarcely a foot-mark behind on
the ground,
He gaily goes on in his pride and his
glee,
With a footfall as light as his spirit is
free.

“ On, on ! gallant Dapple, so trusted and
true !
You are worthy your rider, he's worthy
of you ;

And we wish to you both many happy
new years,
With all of life's comforts and none of its
cares."





THE COTTAGE CHILD AND THE HAUGHTY BOY.

A COTTAGE child, one sunny day,
Near a fine mansion chanced to
stray ;

And looking through an open gate,
Gazed breathless at its style and state.

The spacious lawn, so soft and fair,
The stately shrubs, and flowers rare :
All were to him so new a sight,
He scarcely seem'd to see aright.
Fix'd to the spot, the wond'ring boy
Stood gazing with bewilder'd joy.

Just then the noble owner's son,
With gilded hoop, came bounding on ;
And chanced the rustic to esp'y,
On whom he look'd with scornful eye :
Address'd him in a haughty tone,
And bid him from the gate be gone.

Forth from a shrubbery there came
A graceful, gentle, lovely dame,

The mother of the lordling child,
To whom she spoke in accents mild,—

“ My son, it grieved your mother’s ear
That haughty, scornful tone to hear—
The cotter’s child, so young and poor,
You’ve driven so rudely from the door,
Forgetful of your angry word,
May some day be your guide or guard.”

The summer time had pass'd too soon,
When, on a winter afternoon,
The cotter's little boy had been
Sent on an errand 'cross the green.

Johnny was running very fast,
Because his mother bid him haste ;
When suddenly he stopp'd, and stood
List'ning to something in the wood.



A voice not older than his own
Was asking help in piteous tone.
He listen'd for a little while,
Then, quickly getting o'er the stile,

Shouted aloud, "Come here to me,
I'm standing by the great oak-tree!"

A little rustling soon was heard,
Amongst the tangled underwood ;
And, fancy Johnny's great surprise,—
He scarcely could believe his eyes,—
Whom in the thicket should he see,
Struggling to reach the great oak-tree,

But the proud boy who, months before,
Had spurn'd him from the garden-door ?

A momentary blush of shame
Pass'd as he frankly told his name,
And said,—

“ I wander'd out alone to-day
Into the wood, and lost my way ;

And will you, ere the night goes dark,
Direct me to my father's park?"

A happy boy was Johnny Gray,
As rapidly he led the way ;
And when the park-gates came in sight,
Lifting his hat to say good night,
These kind and gentle words were heard—
" Stay, little boy, for your reward!"

Thus spoke the noble lady fair,
Who'd sought in fear her son and heir ;
Forgetful now of all alarms,
She clasp'd him in her loving arms.

A smile was on his noble face
As he return'd her fond embrace,
And archly said, " I don't forget
That he and I before have met.

And I for that must make amends,
And then we will be better friends."

Next day they both together went
To Johnny's home, and he was sent
To school, and learn'd so fast and well,
That the old master oft would tell,
With honest pride, "that he'd engage
Johnny would make a pretty page."

And so he did, for the lady sent
For him to come, and Johnny went.
The teacher's prophecy proved true,—
A useful servant Johnny grew.

And often does he go to see
His honour'd friend the old oak-tree,

Where, as the lady prophesied,
He proved himself a trusty guide.





JOHNNY CROSS AND DICKY BROWN.

TWO little boys, as I've heard say,
Went out one pleasant autumn day

To gather acorns on the ground,
Where very many might be found.

But not content with what were down,
That greedy little Dicky Brown
Said to his young companion, "See,
How many hang upon the tree !

"If we were just to climb that bough,
We soon could shake them down, you
know."

They climb'd the bough, and ev'ry shake
A golden shower seem'd to make.

Now, just as they were coming down,
That naughty little Dicky Brown
Exclaim'd to little Johnny Cross,
“ Why, here comes Master Bennett's horse.

“ Now, Johnny, let us stay and see,
Perhaps he'll come beneath the tree ;
And if he does, we'll gently glide
On to his back, and have a ride.”

They watch'd, and, sure enough, he came,
And they began their dang'rous game.

Now, though the horse was rather old,
And not in spirit near so bold
As he had been in better days,
When he belong'd to Captain Hayes,
Of pride he was not quite bereft,
And had—oh, had—a temper left !

The boys had hardly reach'd his back
Ere their young nerves were on the rack :

And reason was there for their fears
In the stern way he laid his ears.—

One angry plunge, and off he went,
As if determined to resent
This most audacious liberty—
This insult to his dignity !

The saddest part I've now to tell—
The giddy children reel'd and fell !
Screaming, they tumbled headlong down,
And ill it fared with Dicky Brown :

A broken arm, a bruised head,
Kept him a long, long time in bed,
From which, to his poor mother's joy,
He rose at length a better boy.

But though the other did not break
A single bone, he got a shake
That kept him quiet many days
To think of all his naughty ways.

And gravely to himself he said,
“ If I should ever leave this bed,

Where I have suffer'd so much pain,
I will not do the like again ;
No more, while I am Johnny Cross,
Will I mount Master Bennett's horse !"





THE KITTEN.

J BID them drown the kitten,
But it frolick'd on the hearth,
And look'd up in my face,
Such a look of loving mirth !

That I said, "Oh, no, it may not be;
I cannot dare destroy
The life of this poor little thing,
So full of love and joy!"

So, Pussy to provide for,
I thought of this and that,
And ask'd my kindest neighbours
If they'd like a little cat.

But kittens are so plentiful,
That, turn where'er I might,
I found some little pussy cat
That claim'd a prior right.

Yet still of finding her a home
I do not quite despair,
Though vacant situations now
For cats seem rather rare.

But on my little pussy cat,
With patient hope I look,
And guard against a cruel thought
When near the garden brook.





THE MOONLIGHT DREAM.

THE moon was up one frosty night,
Peeping about with eye so bright,

When all at once she saw a sight—

A sight that made her wonder :

For there, on his pretty little bed,

Lay Langton with his curly head,

And the merriest smile o'er his features

spread,

That could brighten a happy slumber.

Now the curious moon she wonder'd what
The dear little boy could be smiling at—
Was it Billy the puppy — the tortoise-shell
cat—
Or his own little sandy bunny?

But just at the time the sleeper awoke,
And thus to his nurse he joyfully spoke,

“Oh, Tanner, I’ve dream’d such a beautiful
joke—
I thought I was kissing Aunt Jenny!”





GRANDPA, COME, AND LET US PLAY.

GRANDFATHER dear, come, and have
a nice game,
You know *to-day* you are not *very* lame.

I will not ask you to drive my hoop,
Because you say you cannot stoop ;
But let me pop it round your waist,
And draw you gently—not in haste ;
For though I like very much to play
At horses frisking and running away,
I can sometimes be contented, you know,
With one that is very steady and slow.
So, Grandfather dear, as you're not very
lame,
We'll just have a nice little quiet game.

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.



SWEEP! sweep! sweep!

Be thankful, children dear,
When in your little downy beds,
The sweep's shrill cry you hear—
Be very thankful yours is not
The little chimney-sweeper's lot.

Before the day is light
He leaves his hard, coarse bed,
And shivering goes, with his poor bare
feet,
The icy street to tread,

Till a smoky flue he gladly climbs,
To warm his little trembling limbs.

When you enter the breakfast-room,
So clean, and warm, and light,
With pleasant food before you spread,
And a fire so clear and bright,
Think of the boy who came to sweep
The flue while you were fast asleep.

He swept away the soot,
That else had fill'd the room

With smoke and dust, and changed the
scene

So bright to one of gloom.

Think kindly then of the sooty lad

Who can so much to your comfort add.



THE SLEEPY LITTLE BOY.

OH, Johnny dear, 'tis very late,
Go rest your little sleepy pate,

Let Susan take the candle, dear,
Or you will burn yourself, I fear ;
And shut your pretty mouth, dear, do,
Or you will set me gaping, too.

“ And may you have nice happy dreams,
Calm as the pretty moon’s soft beams,
That slyly through your curtains creep,
To kiss you while you soundly sleep —

Till the sun comes, with jealous ray,
To frighten poor Miss Moon away.

“ Susan, be careful with the light !
Just one kiss more, dear boy—good night.”





THE FISHER-BOY.

HE is off to the ocean,
The poor Fisher-lad,

And though danger's before him,
His heart is not sad—
Looking healthy and happy,
Although we must own
'Tis a dull, dreary place
To be trudging alone.

Just now he is list'ning,
Expecting the hail
Of a hardy companion,
To tell him the sail

Of the small boat is hoisted.

The gale has pass'd on,

A fair breeze is blowing,

And they must be gone.

His mother's a widow,

As honest as poor,

And oft will she come

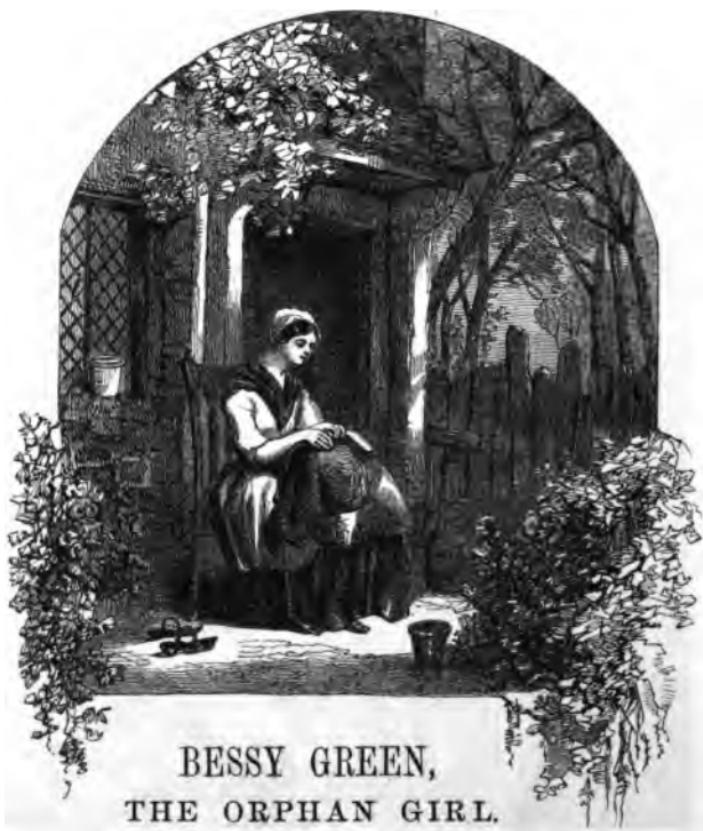
To her old cottage-door,

In hope and in fear,
The broad sea to gaze on,
And watch the return
Of her dutiful son.

Though time the poor mother
Of much has bereft,
She is fervently thankful
For one blessing left.

And may she continue
Long, long to enjoy
The love of the dutiful,
Dear fisher-boy.





BESSY GREEN,
THE ORPHAN GIRL.

AN orphan from her infancy,
Poor pretty Bessy Green,

An inmate of old David's cot

For many a year has been.

She looks upon it as her home,

Nor sighs for any other,

And looks on David's dear old dame

As a kind and loving mother.

Though times were hard, and work was
scant,

When Bessy's parents died,
The worthy couple willingly
Her infant wants supplied.

They fed and nursed her as their own,
And deem'd their humble hearth
Made happier far in all their care
By little Bessy's mirth.

The neighbours sometimes wonder'd much
That folks who fared so ill,

When times were hard, should take the
child,
To make them poorer still.

But David's good and hopeful wife
Oft truly prophesied,—
“That little Bessy Green some day
Would be their joy and pride.”

And so she is,—and, more than that,
The comfort and the stay

Of their declining years, whose strength
Is mark'd with slow decay.

And diligently Bessy works,
To make a little store,
That she may have to give to them
When they can toil no more.

There's not a home so humble,
But may in its degree
Serve the blest purpose of the text,—
“ Use hospitality.”

And he who with a needier one
His pittance freely shares,
May find that he has entertain'd
An Angel unawares.





LITTLE MEGGY AND HER DOG TRAY.

CLING to your fond old shaggy pet,
Dear loving little Margaret,
He will not bark, he will not bite,
Though you should hold him rather tight.

But should he hear the least alarm
Of aught that might Miss Meggy harm,
Oh, then how very fierce he'd be,
Barking away most lustily.

Gladly will Tray with Meggy play,
Or through the flowery meadow stray ;
And when at last she weary grows,
And needs a little sweet repose,

Tray seeks her bed, and sits beside,
Seeming to say, with honest pride,
Miss Meggy 's mine, and I will keep
A faithful watch while she 's asleep.





A MERRY little sun-
beam,

One chilly autumn day,
Stept lightly from a heavy cloud,
To journey on its way.

II.

A happy little beam it was,
So beautiful and bright,
Whose only errand was to cheer,
With its warm and welcome light.

III.

It rested first at a lowly cot,
And through the window peeping,
Saw in a cradle all alone
A little infant weeping.

IV.

Its mother to the well was gone,
To fetch a pail of water,
And had no one to leave at home,
To watch her little daughter.

V.

But she rock'd it gently off to sleep,
And where she left it lying,
The little sunbeam peeping in,
Found it alone and crying.

I

VI.

So it lightly play'd round the baby's bed
Its loneliness beguiling,
And when the mother came again,
She found her infant smiling.

VII.

The sunbeam gave her a sportive kiss,—
Another, and another,—
And, smiling on her pretty face,
Left baby to her mother..

VIII.

Again the little sunbeam
Went merrily on its way,
For it had so many things to do,
It could no longer stay.

IX.

It hasten'd to the village school,
To take a parting look,
And saw sad tears fall heavily
On an old and tatter'd book.

X.

Oh, this was not a pleasant sight !
But the beam kept smiling on,
For it knew that by kindness, and that
 alone,
Could any good be done.

XI.

So on it gazed till the boy look'd up,
Then smiled upon his face
So hopefully, that the cloud of care
To a smile at once gave place.

XII.

Oh, the sunbeam was so very glad
To see the happier look,
That it danced for very joy upon
The old and tatter'd book.

XIII.

The warmth of its little sunny feet
Soon dried the tear-wet page,
And then it sought the attention of
The learner to engage.

xiv.

Cheerfully up in his wond'ring face
Again would the sunbeam look,
Then playfully dart a little ray
Down on the spelling-book.

xv.

It chased the tear from his weeping eye,
The mist from off his brain,
And made the letters of that old book
Seem larger and more plain.

XVI.

The sunbeam stay'd till it saw the boy
Approach the master's chair,
And heard the lesson said, and saw
Looks of approval there.

XVII.

And feeling that its work of love
In the schoolroom now was done,
Glided again through the window-pane,
And gaily travell'd on.

XVIII.

It enter'd next a garden,
Not very large or fair,
And look'd about, peep'd in and out,
Still seeking something there :

XIX.

At last it found some little buds
Half hidden in the grass ;
It coax'd them from their hiding-place,
And so it came to pass,

XX.

That they gently raised their pretty heads,
Unfolding to the view
A rich display of lovely flowers
Of every shade and hue.

XXI.

Then the sunbeam watch'd for a little girl,
And soon it saw her there,
Gathering all the brightest flowers,
Herself as bright and fair,

XXII.

It follow'd her back to the cottage-door,
And enter'd with eager glee,
For it knew her pleasures would be shared,
And wish'd the sight to see.

XXIII.

A pleasant sight it was indeed,—
An ancient dame was there,
And the little girl, all bright with joy,
Standing beside her chair.

XXIV.

The knitting-pins forgot to ply,
While the good old lady smiled,—
Such a smile of loving tenderness
Upon that happy child,

XXV.

As she gaily said, “ Oh, Granny dear,
Would you believe it true,
These pretty flowers I have brought
All in our garden grew !

XXVI.

“ I saw the sun was shining there,
Though it had not reach'd your room,
So I just ran out to peep about,
And found them all in bloom.”

XXVII.

Then the little girl her Granny kiss'd,
And Granny kiss'd the child,—
The little sunbeam kiss'd them both,
And having fondly smiled

XXVIII.

On all within that happy room,
Bade them a bright good-day,
And from the door it sped once more,
To travel on its way.

XXIX.

But stay—I must not write long tales
Of every act and deed,
For that would make a bigger book
Than you'd have time to read.

**xxx.**

So I 'll merely tell, that good befell
Wherever the sunbeam smiled,
That even bliss was more sweet from its kiss,
And sorrow itself beguiled.

XXXI.

Wherever the sunbeam went, it left
Some token of its love,
The earth by its ray was made more gay,
The sky more bright above.

XXXII.

But at last the beam grew weary,
And droop'd its little head,
And its gentle eye gleam'd fitfully
While sinking on its bed.

XXXIII.

Happy from making others so,
It sought the tranquil west,
And on a little downy cloud
Smiled itself off to rest.





TO MY GENTLE COW, HAWTHORN.

PRETTY, gentle Hawthorn dear,
How quietly you're standing here !
While your sweet milk is flowing fast,
To make for me a nice repast.

K

You do not even whisk your tail
Round Mistress Burton's milking-pail,
Nor twist it round her nice new cap
(Oh, that would be a sad mishap!)

But *if* you *should*, I fear I'm half
Inclined to give one little laugh,—
One merry giggle—not too loud—
Lest Dame should think me rather rude !

But, pretty Hawthorn, you know best :
Perhaps it would be wrong to test
Dame Burton's temper after all,
As she *might* lead you to the stall,
And tie you there, to keep you quiet ;
So, pretty Hawthorn, do not try it.



THE DISOBEDIENT PUPPY.



COME here, dear little Lang-
ton,

**Aunt Lily said one day,
“ And sit you down and listen,
For I’ve something droll to say.**

**“ Oh, ’t is such a funny story
Aunt Lily has to tell,
About a little puppy dog
That tumbled in a well.**

“ Now Racket had a mother,
Who fully understood
All the dangers and temptations
Attending puppyhood.

“ And oft she warn'd her little one,
And shocking tales would tell
Of all her own young naughtiness,
And the evil that befell.

“ In spite of solemn warning,
This wilful little thing
Was very fond of peeping
Into a clear deep spring.

“ How oft in disobedience
Harm follows on the sin!—
Thus Racket went one luckless day,
And tumbled headlong in.

“ Upon his mother’s list’ning ear
A cry of terror fell.

Alas ! alas ! the voice she knew,
And, rushing to the well,

“ Saw her poor puppy floating
Upon the water deep,
But plunged not in, for that she knew
Would be a fatal leap.

“ Oh, say, in danger ever
Did a mother’s forethought fail?—
Hope kindled in her eye as she
Bethought her of her tail !

“ Thought of its length so proudly,
And gaily did she shout,
‘ Now firmly grasp my tail, my dear,
And I will pull you out.’

“ Into the well she dipp'd it,—
The slippery edge was braved,—
The proffer'd aid seized eagerly,
And Racket's life was saved !

“ He was very wet and chilly,
And look'd ashamed and sad,
But begg'd his mother's pardon,
And a loving pardon had.

“ And when they talk'd about it,
He always freely own'd,
That had his mother been bob-tail'd,
He surely had been drown'd !”



JOHNNY FELL AND HIS SICK FATHER.



IT WAS on a pleasant
morning
In the flowery month of May,
A little boy, with downcast look,
Went slowly on his way.

II.

A shade of care was on his brow,
A tear was in his eye ;
When, stepping o'er a little stile,
A gentleman came by.

III.

“Why, Johnny Fell,” said Mr. Brown,
“Can *you* be looking sad ?
I never saw your face before
But it was bright and glad.

IV.

“Come, tell me what 't is all about,
And why so sad you look:
I hope you like to go to school,
To learn to read your book?”

V.

“Yes, sir, I do; but father's ill,
And mother's very poor.”—
And then poor Johnny cried so much,
That he could say no more.

VI.

“That's very sad,” said Mr. Brown :
“I'm sorry for it, John ;
But come with me, and we will see
If something can be done.”

VII.

They walk'd in silence, side by side,
Till Johnny raised his head,
With such a pretty, timid look,
And touch'd his hat, and said,—

VIII.

“ If I could earn a little, sir,

I should be very glad.”—

Then stopp'd and blush'd ; but Mr. Brown

Smiled kindly on the lad,

IX.

And said, “ You're very young to work,

My willing little man ;

But as you wish to help your friends,

You shall, John, if you can.

X.

“To-morrow you may come to me—
Come early in the morn—
Your work will be to tend the cows,
And keep them off the corn.

XI.

“But now, go take this shilling home,
And give it to your mother;
And tell her, if she spends it well,
That she shall have another.

L

XII.

“ She 'd better take it to the town,
And buy a little meat ;
And tell your father he must try
At dinner-time to eat.”

XIII.

John gladly thank'd good Mr. Brown,
As well indeed he might ;
Then bounded homeward o'er the stile,
And soon was out of sight.

XIV.

It cheer'd his father's sinking heart,
And gave his mother joy,
To hear the pleasant story told
By their dear little boy.

XV.

A pleasant task was Johnny Fell's,
And, fancy his delight,
For all that week his master gave
Him sixpence every night.

XVI.

His father, too, was getting well,
And free from care and pain,
Gather'd fresh strength, until, at last,
He went to work again.

XVII.

And then that worthy Mr. Brown
Told little Johnny Fell,
That he had been a right good boy,
And done his duty well.

XVIII.

And sent him back to school again,
With his own bright, happy look,
And Johnny proved he really liked
To learn to read his book.





THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GOSSIP.

COME, listen to a story, dear,
About a little bird,
That had a sad propensity
For telling all it heard.

A prying little thing it was,
So prone the news to hear,
That even the lowest whisper
Would reach its list'ning ear.

No matter what the secret was,
Whether of friend or foe,
Whatever the little green-bird knew
The world was sure to know.

Mischief indeed he often made,

And many an angry word

Was caused by the idle tittle-tattle

Of this provoking bird.

But there came a time he look'd not for,

(Short-sighted little elf!)

When he listen'd and heard a sentence

hard

Pronounced upon himself.

The green-bird had a lady love
(Now do not blush and start)—

Miss Jenny Wren, bright little thing !
Was dear unto his heart.

Well, it happen'd one fine morning,
While flying to and fro,
He saw two birds sit side by side,
Conversing on a bough.

So he hopp'd a little nearer,
As was his usual way,
To see who were the worthy pair,
And hear what they might say.

He look'd, and almost trembled,
For who should meet his view,
But the quick-sighted Mr. Wren
And Mistress W.?

And Mr. Wren said to his wife,

“ My dear, it gives me pain,

To think that busybody is

Engaged to our sweet Jane.

“ The mischief made by his tell-tale tongue

They both would have to rue,

Wherever he goes he makes fresh foes,

And they would be her foes too.

“ So send him, my dear, a farewell note,
And bid him not come again,
For I 'm quite determined he shall not have
Our darling daughter Jane.”

Then Mrs. Wren—good, gentle wife!—
Bow'd her obedient head,
And own'd indeed she quite agreed
With all her husband said.

The green-bird stay'd to hear no more,
Too well he knew his doom ;
But flew away in sad dismay
To his lonely greenwood home.

And there alone he musing sat,
Brooding o'er all his woe,
For he had not left one pitying friend
To tell his sorrow to.

Oh, his grief was deep and hard to bear—
In solitude he wept :
By the mischief he loved he had been
reproved,
And, for once, the secret kept !





BOASTFUL TOMMY AND THE PIGS.

POOR Tommy Tanner, when a lad,
A very foolish habit had

Of thinking he was able to
Achieve what others could not do.
And now a little tale I 'll tell
Of what his vanity befell.
It happen'd on a market-day
That Tommy Tanner chanced to stray
Down to the farm when Mr. Griggs
Was looking at his thriving pigs,
And saying to his neighbour Clive,
What stubborn things they were to drive,

Declaring he had not the skill
To guide a pig's unruly will.

This conversation Tommy heard,
And thought that he'd just say a word ;

A chance like this should not be lost
Of his own cleverness to boast.

So, stepping to the farmer's side,
With look of self-important pride,
Observed, " It was an easy thing
To guide one with a good strong string.

Oh, anybody *that* might do,
But *he'd* engage to manage two!"

Now Mr. Griggs, when Tommy spoke,
At once determined on a joke;
So told the self-conceited lad,
That he indeed was very glad
To think that Tom had come that way,
So early on the market day,
As there were two he wish'd to sell,—
Two that had fed and thriven well.

And, calling for a long strong cord,
The sturdiest two were soon secured.

In vain to free themselves they tried,
Each had a leg to each end tied,
And then the struggling, squeaking pigs
Were given up by Mr. Griggs
To Tommy's care, and he was told
The price at which they might be sold ;
And freely promised half-a-crown
If he should sell them at the town.

Now Tommy in an instant knew
How hard the work he had to do,
But still he felt that he must do it,
Or else would always have to rue it:
His boastful words he must make good,
Or bear a laughing neighbourhood.
His promise he must now fulfil,
And so determined with good will,
Of failure to dismiss all fear,
And with his task to persevere.

And so he did, but, never sure,
Were two such pigs to drive before.
They seem'd to think that they were sent
For Tommy Tanner's punishment,
And that they'd make it as severe
As human nature well could bear.
They tried him with their worst vexations,
Showing their pig-will inclinations,
Perversely racing to and fro,
All ways but that they ought to go.

Rushing at every gate and stile,
And madly shrieking all the while.—
A sudden jerk displaced his hat,
But what cared two such pigs for that?
The children laugh'd, grown people cheer'd,
But Tommy bravely persevered,
The work was hard he had to do,
But perseverance help'd him through.
The stubborn things, subdued at last,
Resolved at least they'd not move fast,

Slowly jogg'd on in sullen league,
Panting with anger and fatigue.

And thus, at last, with noses down,
Walk'd quietly into the town.

All three were in a weary plight,
But soon a buyer came in sight.

A bargain now was quickly made,
The pigs released, the money paid,
And Tommy gladly travell'd home
A shorter way than he had come.

The merry-hearted Mr. Griggs
Could scarce believe he'd sold the pigs,
Until the price was counted out,
Which quite removed the smallest doubt.
And taking up a bright half-crown,
Told Tommy it was *all* his own ;
The money he had fairly earn'd,
And had a useful lesson learn'd,—
That 'tis a dangerous thing to boast,
A practice that is sure to cost

A hard fulfilment of the same,
Or leave at best a foolish name.



THE STORY OF A KEY.



WHILE walking in a
meadow once,
A rusty key I
found,
And felt I could
not leave it there,
So raised it from
the ground ;
And then the little
rusty key
Whisper'd its story
unto me.

“ I have a little history,
For, gentle stranger, though
You found me here a castaway,
I was not always so :
'Twas once my honour'd lot to fit
The lock of a rare cabinet.

“ That cabinet for years had stood,
In the old entrance-hall,

In all its idle emptiness,
To grace the polish'd wall,—
A gilded piece of furniture,
Placed there for show and nothing more.

“ At last a little grandchild came,
So beautiful and fair,
As light of heart and blithesome
As a wild bird of the air ;

A lovely, sportive, winsome girl,
With sunny smile and flaxen curl.

“ Though child-like, with a wayward will,
She'd such a winning way,
That grandpapa, dear grandpapa,
Could seldom say her nay ;
And so one day the darling pet
Ask'd for the pretty cabinet.

“ A loving smile, a gentle shake
Of that time-honour'd head,
And then the grandsire yielded it,
And he felt quite repaid
With ‘ Grandpapa, dear grandpapa,
How very, very kind you are !’

“ And now the cabinet was placed
At the fair girl's command,

And *I*, in form, was given up
To her soft little hand,
And soon was honour'd with the care
Of all my mistress held most dear.

“ The prettiest book, the newest toy,
The confidential note,
With all its border'd elegance,
The first a playmate wrote;—

All these dear things, and many more,
I faithfully presided o'er.

“ Years roll'd along, and many things
Were given to my care ;
And as my lady older grew,
Her treasures were more rare :
And then she enter'd womanhood,
As beautiful as she was good.

“ A mind with useful knowledge stored,
A smile of sweet content,
She won the hearts of old and young,
Made friends where'er she went:
No wonder then that lovers prest,
And one was chosen from the rest.

“ 'Twas thus awhile, and then a change
I cared not to foresee

N

Came o'er the scene and gladness brought,—
Gladness to all but me ;
For then the noble lover came,
His young and lovely bride to claim.

“ And now I've little more to tell,
For ere the wedding day
The treasures of the cabinet
Were gently pack'd away ;

And I, of all I loved bereft,
In the old lock alone was left.

“ And even there I might not rest ;
The closing of the door,
By one less gentle than herself,
Cast me upon the floor ;
And I, before another day,
By careless hands was swept away.

“ I cannot read my future lot
Of honour or neglect,
But for your kindness unto me,
My grateful thanks accept.
The story of my rise and fall,
Stranger, I now have told thee all.”





THE LITTLE BABY BROTHER.

TWO loving sisters, who had been
Long dear unto each other,

Thought it a happy day when there
Was born to them a brother.

Well might they from the very first
Welcome that little one,
For sure a sweeter, dearer child,
The sun ne'er shone upon.

Days, weeks, and months, went swiftly by,
And all declared how good

The darling child had always been
Through all his baby-hood.

With what delight his sisters did,
His infant deeds rehearse,
And very apt they often were,
To coax him from his nurse;

And take him down the shady walk,
He knew and loved the best,

Or on his favourite rustic seat,

To sit them down and rest.

No wonder that a little child,

Nursed with such tender love,

Smiled on with such fond tenderness,

Himself should gentle prove.

One lovely day in early spring,

When all was bright and fair,

When flowers were blooming on the earth,
Birds singing in the air.

Dear little Alleyne Addison
Down to the lodge was brought,
And sitting in the soft sunshine,
Knew the first joy of thought.

He felt within his little heart
A sudden pleasure glow,—

Felt very happy, though he could
Not tell what made him so.

And all the friends he loved so much
Seem'd present in his mind,
His dear papa, and dear mamma,
And sisters both so kind.

He thought, too, of his own dear nurse,
Whom he had often heard

Say, Master Alleyne would be kind
In every act and word.

And then the gentle, fair, young child,
Smiling in all his joy,
Fancied 'twas kindness that had made
Him such a happy boy.

That day, as they were going home,
They met with Thomas Brand,

Who told them his poor little girl

Had sadly burn'd her hand;

And ask'd them if they'd just step in,

For, though the burn was bad,

The sight of Master Addison

Would make poor Nanny glad.

And so it did, though ill and pale,

On her clean white bed lying,

She look'd up in his pretty face,
And ceased at once from crying.

And Alleyne bent him gently down,
And softly kiss'd the child ;
And very glad, indeed, he felt
When little Nanny smiled.

And then spoke Thomas Brand, and said,
“ God bless that noble boy,

He'll live to be his father's pride,
And bring his mother joy.

“ He'll live to be a noble man,
And wealth and honour find.”
But little Alleyne only thought,
“ I will be very kind.”

And so he was, for, day by day,
As Alleyne onward grew,

In every word and deed he proved
That inward promise true.

No living creature from his hand
E'er suffer'd wilful harm;
He had the brightest smile to win,
The softest word to charm.

'Twas but an infant thought at first,
"I will be very kind,"

But that one little thought at last
Grew into one great mind.

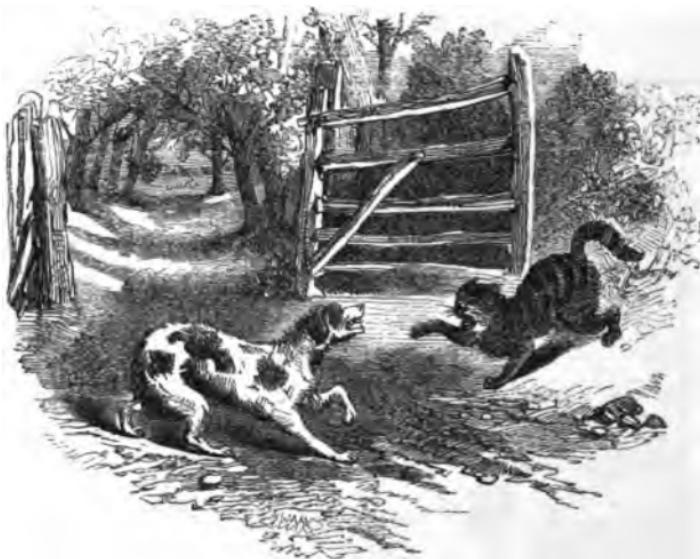
So just—so wise, that many a one
To ask its counsel came;
And Alleyne Addison, indeed,
Became an honour'd name.

It seem'd that on the morning when
Poor Nanny burn'd her hand,

God bless'd the prayer and prophecy
Of honest Thomas Brand.



o



CROSS MADAME POUNCE AND MASTER TEAZER.

OF all the cross pusses that ever were seen,
And many cross pusses I fear there
have been,

Miss Pounce was the crossest, for she could
not bear

So much as a look from a dog, I declare.

Perhaps I should own that saucy young
Teazer

Was not just the puppy most likely to
please her :

For he could not meet her abroad in the
park

Without setting up an impertinent bark ;
As much as to say, "Get you home, Madame
Pounce,"

Which was certain to cause her to wrangle
and bounce.

O cat ! could you once know the comfort
of peace,

From that moment I think all your fierceness
would cease ;

And what very agreeable news it would be,
That Teazer and Pounce had agreed to
agree !





GRAY BETTY THE DONKEY.

WHEN little Frank was very ill,
And all his friends were sad,

Because they fear'd he would not live,

Dear, gentle, little lad ;—

An old man came one day and said,

“ I beg your pardon, ma'am ;

I'm come to talk about your son,

The one I call my lamb.

“ They tell me he is very ill,

And I have understood,

For weakly ones like Master Frank

That donkey's milk is good.

“There's my gray Betty in fine health,

And such a worthy creature,

He'd gain no harm if with the milk

He should partake her nature.

“And if, ma'am, you would like to seek

In such plain means a cure,

All the young gentleman can take
He's welcome to, I'm sure."

The lady thank'd the kind old man,
And said she'd try with joy
The simplest means that might give strength
To her dear little boy.

That very evening to the hall
Gray Betty came in state,

And stood with patient, gentle look,
At the back-garden gate.

And soon the pretty china mug
Was fill'd with milk so sweet,
That Master Frank said with a smile,
“ ‘Twas really quite a treat.”

Twice every day the donkey came,—
At morning and at night;

And every time the kind old man
Went home with more delight;

For he was told the darling boy
Gave hopes of better health;
And the donkey seem'd to his kind heart
More than a miser's wealth.

But poor gray Betty show'd no pride,
Though she was often told,

She was so good that she was worth
Her weight in yellow gold.

When little Frank grew strong and well,
His father said one day,
“We one and all must make a call
On Mistress Betty Gray.”

The kind old man was at his door,
With such a look of joy,

To see the rosy face again
Of the dear little boy.

And Mr. Vernon smiling said,
“Good morning, Mr. Wilk;
I’m come to thank gray Betty, and
To pay you for her milk.”

But the old man said, “To all you’ve had
You’re kindly welcome, sir;

But money will I never take
For aught that's part of her.

“ She was the pet of my poor boy
Before he went to sea,
And since that time she's always been
A treasure unto me.

“ For many a day, for me and mine,
Poor Betty did her best,

And when her son is fit for work,
Her life shall be all rest.

“ We call him Robin, like my boy,

And he will never blame
His poor old pet when he comes home
For keeping up his name.”

“ Well, neighbour Wilk,” said Frank’s
papa,

“ You are a generous man,

But, really, now you must agree
With my next little plan.

“Thank God the milk has done much good
To our dear little boy ;
And all our grief about the child
Is turn'd to grateful joy.

“Betty, indeed, shall have the rest
She both deserves and needs,

There's room for her (and Robin too)
In my old quiet meads.

“And when the winter comes again,
We'll place her near a shed,
Where she may find a shelter for
Her venerable head.”

Then as the party turn'd away,
To go back to the hall,

The old man look'd on the noble boy,
And said, "Thank God for all."





THE BIRTHDAY AT THE DAIRY.

MAMMA," said little Edward Ray,
"How shall I spend my next birth-day?

You know it is the tenth of June,
And will be here so very soon."

Mamma put down her work, and smiled
Upon her little darling child,
And said, "I'm very glad to hear
A good account of you, my dear ;
For I have just been told by Kent,
You're gentle and obedient ;

And so, dear, you may choose the way
In which to spend your next birthday;
And if there's reason in the plan,
I will indulge you if I can."

" Oh, thank you, thank you, dear mamma !
How very, very kind you are!"
Cried the delighted little boy,
Dancing about the room with joy.

Then ask'd if he and little Mary,
Might keep the birthday at the dairy,
Telling mamma that he was certain,
How happy it would make Dame Burton,
For she had said, not long ago,
“ Come again soon, dear children, do.”

The day arrived — mamma's consent
Was given, and the children went ;

And pretty, gentle Lucy Moore,
Smiling received them at the door,
And said her aunt was gone to take
Poor neighbour White a home-made cake,
But would be pleased, when she came home,
To find the pretty dears had come.

The little parlour was so neat,
And all the flowers smelt so sweet,

And Master Edward walk'd about,
Leading his little sister out,
That they might see the honour'd dame,
Soon as she round the corner came;
And very soon she came indeed,
Hurrying on with anxious speed,
For from that corner she could see
The heads of her young company.
And when she met them, never sure
Was warmer welcome shown before.

She raised her hands, she raised her eyes,
With such delight and such surprise,
And said, "Indeed, of all the ways
For gentle-folks to spend birthdays,
That was (as she was proud to own),
The kindest she had ever known;"
And then to think the light sponge-cake
She'd made, and meant that day to take
To Master Edward, now would be
All nice and ready for their tea.

And pretty, gentle Lucy Moore,
Again was smiling at the door,
Waiting from her kind aunt to know
What pleasant service she might do.

How white the cloth that Lucy spread,
How sweet the milk—how light the bread,
The jam—the honey—and the rice,
Never before were things so nice !

So gaily humm'd the busy bee,
The wild birds sang so merrily,



Never were flowers more sweet or gay,—
Never a brighter, happier day.

So pleasantly they pass'd the hours,
Filling their laps with meadow flowers,
Or resting 'neath a tree to look
At Lucy's dear old picture-book.
And when at last the hour had come
For little children to go home,
They thank'd the Dame with looks so glad,
For the delightful treat they'd had,
Who (as her humble home they left)
Gave them her blessing, smiled, and wept.

Though many a gay and grand birthday
With Edward since has pass'd away,
He often own'd he'd never known
Such a sincerely happy one,
As that he spent with little Mary
And dear Dame Burton at the dairy.



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